

Sugar House Edition

THE Pioneer

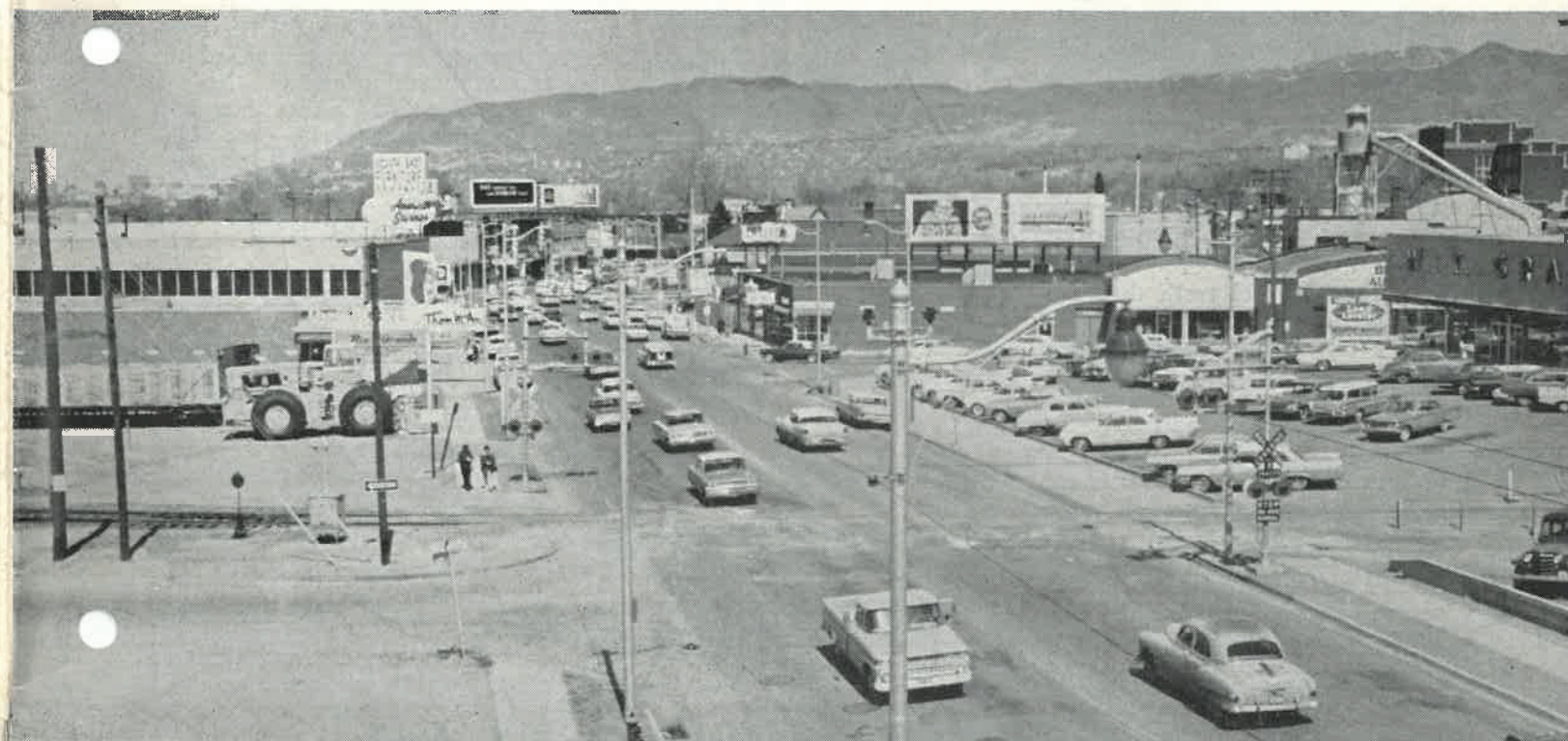


VOL. 14

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1967

NO. 1

PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL SOCIETY SONS OF THE UTAH PIONEERS



Sugar House business district looking north from Simpson Avenue on Highland Drive and this area as it appeared 20 years ago.



By Milton V. Backman
National President, SUP

AT THE last General Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Pres. David O. McKay urged all to preach the gospel truth that the overall plan of salvation involves the belief that governments were instituted of God for the benefit of man. Man was not born for the benefit of the state, and Pres. McKay added:

"Preach that no government can exist in peace," and I quote from the Doctrine and Covenants," except such laws are framed and held inviolate as will secure to each individual the free exercise of conscience, the right and control of property and the protection of life."

And further Pres. McKay said: "Preach that honesty is essential to the perpetuation and stability of our government, as it is essential to the stability of character in the individual."

We have been warned by our leaders that at this particular moment in history the United States is definitely threatened, and every citizen should be told about it. The warning of the times, we submit, should be sounded in the halls of every American institution — schools, churches, the halls of Congress, the press, radio and television.

Stop Moral Decay

Let us then, as Sons of the Utah Pioneers, follow the advice of Pres. McKay as well as that of

President Backman's Message—

...For The Benefit of Man

other Church leaders. Let us do all we can to stop this moral decay and erosion. With the interpretation being placed on our laws by the courts by which criminals are being released from prison to prey upon the public; with arrests being made more difficult for officers of the law, is it any wonder that conditions are becoming so foul?

We are told by chiefs of police in 10 of our largest cities, who were were polled by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, that besides diminished respect for law and order, reasons cited for the rise in crime include: fast urbanization, lax parental control, baseless charges of police brutality, civil disobedience and a growing tendency to criticize police rather than the persons they are trying to take into custody. These same reports show that crime in the United States increased 10% in the first nine months of 1966, compared to the corresponding period in 1965.

What About Parents?

What are parents doing to help correct this sorry situation? What a pathetic situation when two 14-year old boys, are found dead in an elevator shaft after lying there for four days, without being reported missing? What are parents doing when their 15-year old son is left dead on the highway overnight without inquiry as to his whereabouts. Isn't this adult delinquency in its worst form?

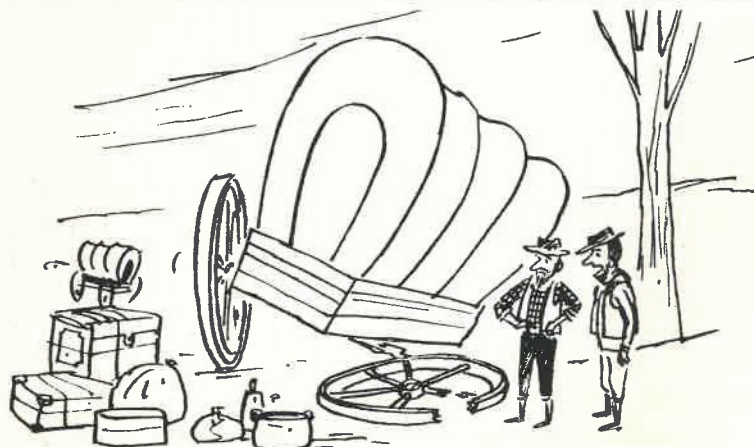
Are we helping to correct conditions when students of state universities are permitted to take over and dictate rules by which they will be governed? And to permit teen-agers to conduct riots in the name of "protest marches" because of curfew laws not particularly to their liking?

How long will it be impossible to attract capable young men to our police departments if they are to be subjected to mob beatings with no assurance of protection from their superior officers?

Just Plain Sin

Haven't we about reached the stomach turning point? Isn't it about time that the idea that there is such a thing as sin—just plain, old willful sin, should be revived? Should not we as an organization do all within our power to bring back into style the virtue of self-discipline? It appears that man of those things that once brought disgrace upon a man and his family, now bring a fat movie contract, a best seller for the magazine racks or a TV contract.

Let us follow the admonition of Pres. McKay and preach with all our might against these conditions which now affect every one of us. Now that the Congress of the United States will soon be in session for a short time, let us tell this law-making body that we do not like the country-wide trend toward lawlessness and that we expect them, our representatives and our spokesmen, to do something about it!



"They don't build 'em like they used to."

M. Leung in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

THE Pioneer



The Pioneers Would Call It Paradise

FROM the Sky Room of the Hotel Utah you view the amazing new and beautiful downtown Salt Lake City. A native Utahn who has been away for 10 years, took in this stunning view the other day and could scarcely believe his eyes as he noted the changes that have taken place in his old home town. He wondered what the Mormon pioneers would say if today, they could catch a glimpse of the Great Salt Lake Valley, as they did 119 years ago.

The rest of us hurry by the Kennecott Building, the Alta Club, the Metropolitan Hall of Justice, the Municipal Library and half a dozen towering new apartment houses, scarcely noticing.

If Brigham Young, who laid out this city, could have been here while these imposing edifices were going up, he would have marveled at the parade of revolving trucks, the lofty horizontal crane lifting tons of steel to the top, and no man around carrying a hod up the ladder.

Our neighbor's teen-age boy, with an old jalopy which he bought for \$150 borrowed from his dad, darts and dashes about in what would have been a luxury carriage to the pioneers. Compare this old heap to the springless coach which Louis XIV had to jolt along in, as he held his gouty foot; or the fancy sled in which Catherine, the Great skidded across the Russian snow, stopping every two or three hours to rest her horses. History has it that Napoleon used a light carriage in his 312-hour dash from the Russian border back to Paris, the run of the century at seven miles per hour.

To these three, the youngster's venerable vehicle with its speedometer set at 60 mph, heater, radio, white-wall tires and spring suspension, would be worth half a kingdom.

What would a modern dime store look like to an ancient Egyptain with his huge ear-rings, or an Ethiopian with his immense nose-rings and bracelets. And don't you think Cleopatra wouldn't have traded half a dozen barges for as many bottles of perfume from a modern cosmetics counter.

The kid from the slums gets better medical care than did Prince Albert. A shot from a needle makes him immune to plagues that used to kill millions.

There isn't anything in material goodness that we haven't got and in abundance. We have luxuries and comforts undreamed of by the princes and potentate of yore. Why then are we so discontented and unhappy? The pioneers, if they could see us now, would think we are living in Paradise.

Experts Predict Famine

WARNINGS of a world-wide famine are beginning to come through loud and clear. It will be a famine unparalleled in extent and viciousness and will kill millions. It will begin sometime between five and ten years from now.

This is the doleful prediction of world food experts who regularly chart the graph that shows the world supply and the total consumption of food products. The lower mark on the chart represents the total consumption and the upper line the world's known supply of food. The lower line has been creeping up on the upper line for the past 15 years and the two lines will come together, at their present rate, sometime between 1970 and 1975 and when they cross, the famine is on.

The principal reason for being so certain about the famine, is that the facts have been known and the prediction made for more than 15 years without arousing any apparent alarm among the people who should be alarmed. All governments have been warned and their experts have detailed information as to what can be done to avoid the disaster.

These are findings of the Conference of Planned Parenthood-World Population, presented at its annual conference in Buffalo, N.Y. last November. The incongruity in the sight of well-fed gentlemen sitting around talking about the death of millions of people, was mitigated perhaps, by their evident concern that nobody was listening.

Roymond H. Ewell, vice president of research at the State University of New York, discussed the situation in India where he has spent much time. In 15 years, said the professor, the population of India will increase by 200 million, at its present rate. "India," he said, "can't possibly feed that many more people by 1980."

Since 1960, Prof. Ewell explained, India has added 75 million mouths to feed with a grain crop that has increased not at all since 1960. The difference is being made up by shipments of American grain, about 10 million tons. The U. S. last year produced about 30 million tons of grain and shipments to India have exhausted U. S. surpluses.

Perhaps the picture isn't as dark as painted by these experts. Science has developed modern techniques of agriculture that can produce enough food to meet the needs of the immediate (if not unforeseeable) future. There are better varieties of plants, better fertilizers, new courses of unconventional but satisfactory foodstuffs and ways of preserving foods from the depredations of insects and vermin. All these methods require intelligence and money to be effective, and both commodities seem to be in limited supply.

The Pioneer

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Our Readers Write

Life Member No. 83 Suggests Projects

Rather tardily I thank the Sons of the Utah Pioneers for the life membership list. I feel honored to be listed with such a group. It was a day long to remember when Lavelle Smith presented me with the life membership pin and certificate.

These 61 living members could, I think, be called a "special quorum" with special duties and projects, such as to persuade other SUP members to join up for life. There are other jobs aplenty for life members.

I feel the urge to get the old Juniper Chapter out on the old Juniper Trail once again, a delightful zigzag path that is lined with rare plant and animal life — a breath-taking natural and scenic experience.

We have room for more historical markers. If a building with a unique history cannot be saved, such as our old Logan jail, a marker should be erected on the site telling about it.

I am pleased that I know 10 of the SUP life members who are still with us. —J. Sedley Stanford

Time Now To Push Spike Centennial

It is time something was being done relative to the greatest centennial in the history of Utah and the West, the 100th anniversary of the driving of the Golden Spike which tied the East and West together with the first trans-continental railroad.

The great and colorful historical event must go down in history as one of the superb moments in America's development. It means much to our organization, the Sons of the Utah Pioneers.

It worries me that this centennial is now only about two years away and seemingly little has been done about it. We do not care so much who does it as long as it gets done, but we cannot allow this centennial to go practically unnoticed as was the Pony Express event, which would not have amounted to anything if it had not been for the National Pony Express Society.

—H.S.S.

George Sims Truly Exemplified SUP

*"There are varied types of men
And he was the kind I'd like
to be. . ."*

These words from Edgar A. Guest well apply to the late George A. Sims, devoted member of the Salt Lake Luncheon Club of the Sons of Utah Pioneers.

George Sims was a most exceptional man—a man of self assurance, kindness and generosity. He was a philanthropist who was mindful always of the needs of others.

George was the first to start MIA work in Ensign Stake and was an enthusiastic backer of the road shows, providing much of the transportation for the performers. He backed the Girls' Home in Brighton and Scout Camp House in East Mill Creek Canyon. He sent watermelons, peanuts and other goodies by the hundreds of pounds, to these youngsters.

All his life, George Sims spent in service to others — his Church and the community. He was so much a part of our community life that it will be strangely different without him. SUP has lost a wonderful friend and a devoted brother! —H.A.J.

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Historic old Barrett Hall is no more, having been razed to help make room for the proposed new Church Office Building, but the classic old structure

with its domed roof, balcony, auditorium and stage will linger long in the memories of many thousands who have enjoyed its cozy, cheery atmosphere.

Passing Of An Historical Landmark

Barrett Hall -- A Hallowed Edifice

*By Harold H. Jenson,
National Historian, SUP*

*"Backward, turn backward, O
time in thy flight;
Make me a child again, just for
tonight!"*

This classic bit of verse must have been quoted often by the alumni of the old Latter-day Saints University and the revered but long since extinct LDS High School, when historic old Barrett Hall was razed to add space to the vast Church Administration Building which is to be constructed within the next few years.

Some time ago a group of the alumni of these schools met in a memorial program in memory of this grand old building. Although the night was stormy many braved the weather to renew acquaintances and talk over the good times they had enjoyed in Barrett Hall. One such tribute was paid by U.S. Senator Wallace Bennett, alumnus of LDS High School Nov. 13, 1961.

The Barrett Hall story is legend. It is the story of a mother's love for her bachelor son. She desired to do something to honor the memory of her fine son and when

Pres. John R. Winder told her of the Church need for an additional auditorium in close proximity to the Tabernacle and the Assembly Hall, Mrs. Barrett decided to memorialize her son by building this building.

Appropriate Gift

The wealthy Mrs. Barrett, thought her son Samuel would rather have her provide something useful, like a church building, rather than a monument in the cemetery. The Barretts were devout members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Barrett Hall, as most everybody will remember, was a red brick structure with gallery and spacious stage. It had individual chair seats. A large painting of Mr. Barrett, a distinguished, dark-complexioned man, gave an artistic atmosphere to the auditorium.

Although Samuel Barrett never married, he was a kind and affectionate gentleman, giving freely of his time, talents and money to the Church, civic groups and charity. He died Jan. 3, 1900 in Salt Lake City.

Although this writer was a mere youth, with his father, the late

Church historian Andrew Jenson, he interviewed Mrs. Barrett at the time of the dedication of Barrett Hall. From the files of the Deseret News of Oct. 3, 1902 is taken this account of the ceremonies:

Dedication Program

A large number of students and friends gathered this afternoon to dedicate the new Barrett Hall. On the stand were members of the First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve. The hall was gayly decorated for the occasion. Class banners and the Gold and Blue of LDS University were most prominent.

Pres. Anthon H. Lund presided. A mixed quartet under the direction of Evan Stephens sang, "Let the Mountains Shout for Joy." John Nicholson offered the opening prayer and the quartet sang, "Hark, Hark My Soul."

Pres. John R. Winder extolled Mrs. Winder for her gift and told how Mrs. Barrett originally had planned to give \$20,000 but later decided to make it \$25,000. He re-

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Chapter Eternal

William E. Woodbury

William Evans Woodbury, 76, member of the Dixie Mission Chapter, SUP, died of cancer at his home in Hurricane, Washington County, on Oct. 28. He was postmaster at Hurricane for 24 years.

He was born July 1, 1888 in St. George, Utah, the son of John T. and Mary Evans Woodbury. He married Verda Sullivan, Sept. 6, 1910 in the St. George LDS Temple.

Mr. Woodbury was a former school teacher in Washington County schools and was a high priest in the Hurricane South Ward.

Survivors: widow; sons, daughters, Mrs. Reed Bradshaw, Rulon D., both Cedar City; Errol S., Santa Cruz, Calif.; Sangus, Calif.; W. Evans, North Ogden; Mrs. Clare L. (Mary) Lynn) Reber, Santa Clara, Washington County; Capt. John Bryce, Scott Air Force Base., Ill.; 18 grandchildren; 16 great-grandchildren; brothers, sisters, David O., Matila W. Ruesch, both St. George; Mrs. LeRay (Ann) Hafen, Provo; Mrs. Louise Fickland, Mrs. Mary Adams, both Palm Springs, Calif.

The funeral was held Nov. 1 in the Hurricane South Ward and burial was in the Cedar City Cemetery.

Henry M. Jones

Henry Marvin Jones, 69, devoted member of the Cedar City Chapter, Sons of the Utah Pioneers, died of a heart ailment, Oct. 29 at his home in Cedar City. He was born July 17, 1897 in Cedar City to Thomas Jedish and Ellen Eva Lunt Jones. He married Lucy Esplin, Oct. 7, 1919 in the St. George Temple.

Mr. Jones was owner of the Jones Motor Co. He was former Cedar City councilman and was past president of the Cedar City Lions Club and of the College of Southern Utah Alumni Association.

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Dr. James Leo Shepard

Dr. James Leo Shepard, 79, retired dentist and member of the Salt Lake Luncheon Club of the SUP, was killed in a truck-car collision on U.S. 30 near Lyman, Wyo. Oct. 20. A companion, Dr. R. T. Willey, was injured.

Highway patrolmen said Dr. Shepard apparently lost control of his car on the snow-packed highway and collided with a truck.

Dr. Shepard was born April 2, 1887 in Richmond, Cache County, Utah, to James Isaac and Hortense Vilate Griffin Shepard. He married Emmorette (Mame) Anderson, March 20, 1910 in the Logan Temple, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

He graduated from the University of Colorado Dental College in 1914 and practiced oral surgery in Salt Lake, 1914 to 1956. He was a former staff member of the LDS Primary Hospital and a member of Delta Sigma Delta dental fraternity.

Dr. Shepard was a high priest in the Eighteenth LDS Ward and served a mission to Great Britain, 1907-1909. He was a charter member of the Salt Lake Kiwanis Club.

Survivors include his widow; son and daughters, Dr. L. Reid, Mrs. Harold L. (Hortense) Davis, both of Salt Lake City; Mrs. Lindsay R. (Marjorie) Curtis, Ogden; Mrs. O. Ned (Renee) Kirkham, Chico, Calif.; 11 grandchildren; brothers, sisters, Guy R., Tooele; Dr. Justin W., Harold G., John V., Merle Ivan, Calvin O., Mrs. Oscar H. (Mary) Short, all of Salt Lake City; Mrs. B. T. (Myrtle) Pond, Lewiston, Cache County; Mrs. Leslie (Viola) Hadley, Mrs. Hugh (Winifred) O'Neill, Mrs. Hal (Naomi) Manwarring, all of California; Mrs. E. George (Vera) Saathoff, Idaho.

Funeral services were held Oct. 24 in the Eighteenth Ward chapel.

A popular feminine columnist has said that spinsters are ladies who have never been asked to get married. Nonsense! Why, practically every woman who reaches the age of 28 or 30 without being wed, has even been urged to do so, at least twice—once by her father and once by her mother.

Frank LeRoy Davis

Frank LeRoy Davis, 88, Tremonton, died Oct. 24, at his home, after a long illness. He was an active member of the Golden Spike Chapter of the SUP and held many prominent position in civic and professional life.

Mr. Davis was born Nov. 17, 1877 in Battle Mountain, Nev. to Walter O. and Theodocie Walker Davis. He married Alvarette Harmon, Oct. 11 in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. She died June 7, 1962.

He was a clerk and a cashier for the Utah-Idaho Sugar Co. at Sugar City, Ida. for a number of years. He was president of the Idaho Bankers Association, Rexburg, Ida.; executive secretary of the Rexburg Chamber of Commerce; director of the Idaho State Probate Judges Assn. and clerk of the Rexburg School Board. He was auditor and recorder for Madison County and manager of the Leader Publishing Co.

Survivors: sons, daughters, Harmon J., Walter H., Guy A., all of San Diego, Calif.; Earl Kay, Idaho Falls; Mrs. Andrew (Alvaretta) Rytting, Tremonton; Mrs. Caddie Jenkins, Rexburg; Mrs. Dean (Leota) Baird, Lewiston, Idaho; Mrs. Naomi Stites, Mrs. Adrian (Ollie) Wilcox, both Lebanon, Ore.; Mrs. Rowena Kelly, Big Sur, Calif.; Mrs. Harry (Phyllis) Maulsdy, Bell, Calif.; 36 grandchildren, 53 great-grandchildren; brothers, sisters, Walker, Leslie, Mrs. Birdie Seick, all Los Angeles; Mrs. Ina Brigg, Blackfoot, Idaho.

Funerals were held Oct. 27 in the Tremonton Rogers Mortuary and also in Rexburg on Oct. 28 and burial was in the Sugar City, Ida. cemetery.

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SUP PROFILES



William J. Kendrick

William J. Kendrick was born Feb. 19, 1908 at Providence, Cache County, Utah, the eldest son of John and Susanna Jones



Kendrick. On his father's side his lineage is English. John and Caroline Philpotts Kendrick were converts to the LDS Church in Worcester, England. Their home was always open to the Mormon missionaries.

W.J. Kendrick On his mother's side his lineage is Welch. His great-grandparents, Lewis and Susanna Davies Jones crossed the plains with an emigrant train, leaving their home in Council Bluffs, Iowa in 1866. They settled in Logan, Utah where they engaged in farming until 1871 when they returned to Council Bluffs. They died and were buried there.

When they returned to Council Bluffs, William's grandfather, William Jones, remained in Providence where he met Elizabeth Gibbs whom he married. They reared a family of 10 children, one of whom was William's mother.

Both of William's parents were living in Providence where they met and married March 23, 1904. Their seven children were all born in Providence.

As a boy William J. learned to work hard on the farm. He did a man's chores, hauling hay, milking cows and digging ditches. This was on their Richmond farm. Later on his parents moved back to Providence. As a young man the family also lived in River Heights,

Cache County, where he formed many choice friendships.

He worked in Pocatello Valley on dry farms and also on the Cutler Dam where he earned his first real wages. He met his life's partner, Charlotte Beckert in Providence and they were married April 18, 1928 in the Logan Temple.

William and his companion have done much genealogical and temple work. He has been a worker in the Logan temple for a number of years.

The Kendricks were blessed with four children, three of them living. While rearing their children the depression struck and they saw hard times aplenty, with food scarce, also gas and clothing. Church script was used and just about saved many a family.

William was drafted for World War II but the day before he was to leave to join the Army, he was notified that he was to report for defense work instead. He has now worked at Hill Air Force Base for 15 years.

All the Kendrick children are active in the Church and are rearing grandchildren of whom William and Charlotte are very proud. On April 18, 1966 they celebrated their 38th wedding anniversary.

William has always been active in the Church having held positions in the MIA, priesthood quorums and in the temple. He is a high priest in the College Ward, Logan Stake. He is a member of the Temple Fork Chapter of the Sons of the Utah Pioneers and the Mormon Battalion. He deeply cherishes the friendships of the SUP members and enjoys the treks the organization sponsors.

RUSSIAN WORKER

The commissioner wakes him
Before it is light,
And frequently makes him
Labor all night.
He gives to the state
All his toil (under urging)
Awaiting his fate
At the annual purging!

Calvin A. Behle

Born at Salt Lake City, March 16, 1907, Calvin A. Behle is a grandson of Mary Coombs, who came to Utah by ox cart in the



Mr. Behle

fall of 1861. The grandmother married Dr. Calvin Pendleton — a pioneer Utah physician — and lived at Parowan in Iron County, where in subsequent years her father and other members of the family likewise settled. In turn, the Coombs family goes back to New England, where one ancestor was a Revolutionary soldier, the family originally having immigrated to America with the Huguenots.

Mr. Behle is one of three sons of Dr. Augusta C. and Daisy H. Behle, the other sons being Dr. Charles F. Behle and Dr. William H. Behle, also of Salt Lake City. Following formal education at Stanford University and the University of Utah, Mr. Behle has practiced law in the Intermountain area since admission to the Utah State Bar in 1931.

He is presently senior member of the firm of Parsons, Behle, Evans & Latimer. On August 18, 1934 he married Grace Clayton, a granddaughter of Brigham Young and William A. Clayton, and they have two children, Marilyn Behle of Seattle, Washington, and Mrs. Marcia Clarke of St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. Behle's many civic activities have included chairmanship of the Salt Lake City Civil Service Commission, vice chairmanship of the Utah Board of Corrections, membership on the Supreme Court Rules Commission, presidency of the Salt Lake City Kiwanis Club, and of The University Club, and active participation in various Masonic bodies, including Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Utah in 1957.

Long a reservist in the United States Army dating back to East High ROTC days, his active duty military assignments included service on the Army Industrial College Faculty, and the position as Liaison Officer for the Secretary of the Army with the United Nations War Crimes Commission at Lon-

Continued on Page 10

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Former SUP National President**Dr. Carl J. Christensen
Receives Chemistry Award**

Dr. Carl J. Christensen, former president of the National Society of the Sons of the Utah Pioneers, and professor of chemistry at the University of Utah, was given the American Chemical Society's Utah Award on Dec. 8 for distinguished service.

Dr. Christensen, who has a long record for industrial and academic services in chemistry was given a dinner at the University of Utah Union after which he made the award address in Orson Spencer Hall on "The Importance of Small Quantities or Impurities in Other Chemicals."

A native Utahn, Dr. Christensen served for the past 12 years

as coordinator of cooperative research at the U. of U., directing about \$8 million per year in research. He resigned from this assignment last summer to devote more time to teaching.

Prior to that assignment he was the first dean of the University College of Mines and Mineral Industries from 1946 to 1954. He started his illustrious career at the Bell Telephone Laboratories in 1929 and served there 17 years. He also worked with Philo Farnsworth in the development of television. Dr. Christensen is author of 30 technical papers and holds 15 patents.

Presently he is a director of Electronics - Ceramics Corp., a firm he assisted in organizing. He is also a director and joint organizer of Lemco Corp.

Dr. Christensen took his science degree from Brigham Young University, his master's degree from the University of Wisconsin and



*Dr. Carl J. Christensen
... high award in chemistry*

his Ph.D. from the University of California.

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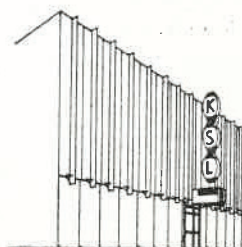
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The Book Rack

The Roman Empire -- It's Rise And Fall

By Virgil V. Peterson

The Horizon Book of Ancient Rome, by Robert Payne. American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc., New York. \$18.95.



Produced by the editors of *Horizon Magazine*, this extraordinary volume encompasses the his-

tory of the Roman empire covering a period of 1200 years from its rise to its decadent stage. Richly illustrated with 350 photographs, many in color, this vividly worded portraiture tells of people, culture, politics and everyday life of the world ruled by Rome. Many intriguing details of "Rome statecraft, commerce, provinces, domestic life, warfare, amusements, and social customs, all help recreate the flavor and vitality of life in that faraway age." Included also are anthologies containing translated excerpts from many of Rome's most famous historians, playwrights, orators, satirists, poets, and philosophers, such as Lucretius, Ovid, Cicero, Juvenal, Tacitus, Caesar, Vergil, Plautus, Livy, Catullus, Suetonius and Pliny.

Some of the special features of this well-arranged book include a chart illustrating the evolution of Latin lettering, a chronology of Roman legacy in law, a variety of illuminating maps and a comprehensive bibliography.

This is one of the best disciplined presentations of the subject yet to be produced.

Vibrant Biography Of Historic Worth

Frontier Trails. The Autobiography of Frank M. Canton. Edited by Edward Everett Dale. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman. \$2.00.

This little volume, No. 30 in the Western Frontier Library of University of Oklahoma Press is a reprint of a vibrant biography which contributes to a segment of the basic history of the West.

Frank M. Canton, who died in 1927, is a symbol of law and order in the closing years of the old west. Originally a fugitive from justice, he became the epitome of success in law enforcement. As U. S. deputy marshal and inspector for the Wyoming Stockgrowers Association, he was largely responsible for eliminating cattle rustling which had flared into the Johnston County War.

He served as deputy U. S. Marshal in Oklahoma and as U. S. Marshal in Alaska. In his later years, he was adjutant general for the State of Oklahoma and Commander of the Oklahoma National Guard. —Virgil Peterson

Valuable Works For Church Scripturians

Take Heed To Yourselves, the Gospel discourses of Joseph Fielding Smith, compiled by Joseph Fielding Smith, Jr. Deseret Book, \$4.95.

Answers to Gospel Questions, Volume 5, by Joseph Fielding Smith. Deseret Book, \$2.95.

Reviews by Martha Jensen

These are volumes that should be in the libraries of all Church members who study the scriptures. "Take Heed to Yourselves," is one of the most dynamic and vibrant works by Pres. Smith, who must

be regarded as the foremost scripturist of our time. It is a work the general church membership can understand for it is written in plain, simple but forceful language. It should be of great value to teachers in all the Priesthood quorums and auxiliaries.

Joseph Fielding Smith Jr., also a profound student of Church doctrine, has done a splendid job in compiling this volume. The whole book is a precious compilation of vital truths and Joseph, Jr. has chosen such choice morsels as:

"War comes because of wickedness; it never comes because of righteousness but through violation of the laws of God." (p. 52.) "It doesn't matter how old a man becomes, if he is physically strong and is able to perform services, he should take care of himself and this the Lord expects him to do."

Joseph, Jr. did this work as a surprise to his father on his 90th birthday.

"Answers to Gospel Questions," has appeared in "The Improvement Era," over the years. This new book is a compilation of the most often asked questions, many of which were answered by personal correspondence. This work was done essentially, Joseph, Jr. explains, to relieve the pressure upon the General Authorities in answering doctrinal questions.

WHO PAYS?

The cost of war is handed down
To future generations.
Soldiers die in field and town—
The cost of war is handed down;
Flyers fall and sailors drown,
And ruin razes nations—
The cost of war is handed down
To future generations.

—LES GO SCRAPBOOK

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Historical Highlights

By Harold H. Jenson
National Historian, SUP

The Historian's Department of the SUP desires to thank a lot of fine people for valuable assistance in performing services to



the Brigham City Encampment Committee and the Pioneer. Especially we would like to thank that splendid committee, headed by Francis Christensen, the Iron County Record for photos of Clem and Mrs. Judd, the Deseret News for courtesy photos, Glen Perrins of the Ogden Standards Examiner for pictures and Compton Photos for some really artistic work.

We must not overlook our ever-devoted and enthusiastic Horace A. Sorensen for the dramatization of the Gold Spike Ceremony at Corinne and everybody else who helped with the encampment and the magazine. It is wonderful to work with such grand folks.

* * *

For the seventh time this humble servant has been appointed SUP historian, an honor which he greatly appreciates. Sincerely appreciated also is the beautiful plaque presented at the encampment for services rendered. It is good to receive this tributes while still alive.

* * *

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and Graham H. Doxey, Jr.
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In response to requests from this department, six chapters have sent in their histories. These are appreciated but that is not any kind of a response to boast about. There is time ahead for chapters that need help which we may be able to give. If we could get together with chapter historians at the next encampment, we can just about wind up this assignment. The SUP historian can be reached at 1840 Westminster Ave. or at 485-8058.

* * *

James H. Miller will make a fine chairman of the Pioneer Story contest. He is a veteran story writer and a man of letters. He succeeds the late Prof. Walter A. Kerr who did such a tremendous job at this assignment.

Appreciation is expressed to Mrs. Kerr and her son, Dr. Knight Kerr, for carrying on with the work since the death of Prof. Kerr.

This activity was started in 1945 by your historian in the Ogden Standard Examiner and was carried on for some time by P. Leroy Nelson.

BEHLE

Continued from Page 7

don, followed by a similar position for General Eisenhower as Theatre Commander with the International Military Tribunal for the first or key trial at Nuremberg. He still holds the position in the Reserve as colonel in the Judge Advocate General's Department.

WEATHER BEATEN

Bleak winter's cold creates in one
Desire to bask in summer's sun;
While summer's torrid heat conveys
A wish for winter's cooler days.
Extremes in climate all year long —
I'm sure there must be something wrong;
The men of science ought to plot
A warmer cold and a colder hot!

—Ethen Edington

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Do You Remember?

By James H. Miller

When boys wore red-topped, brass-toed boots, and girls dressed in plain dresses and wore their hair plaited down the back, with a suggestion of spit-curls, rats, and psyche knots?

When a boy at Christmas-time was satisfied with a package of fire-crackers and three hog bladders; and a girl was delighted with a china doll and a candy sheep?

When everybody worked, including father?

When shoes were fitted to the feet, and not fitted in the style?

When boys spoke to their parents as "father" and "mother," instead of "old lady" and "governor?"

When kids did not write to Santa Claus asking for wagons, guns, pistols, dolls, doll buggies, doll beds, trains, bicycles, automobiles, candy, oranges, bananas, nuts, wearing apparel of every description, and a cart and a live pony?

When a boy could split a little kindling and carry in an arm-full of wood without having a pain in his side or a headache?

How would you like to return to the Good Old Days when folks went to church to take part in the service and to see how much fine harness they could put on, and what other folks wore?

JONES

Continued from Page 6

Survivors: widow; sons, daughter, Auston M., Walanae, Hawaii; Donald E., Torrence, Calif.; Wilard C., Cedar City; Mrs. Arden (Afton) Bateman, St. George; 10 grandchildren brothers, sisters, Elton L., Mrs. Frank E. (Sade) Thorley, both of Cedar City; Dr. Preston L. Jones, Nephi; Mrs. Alfred (Cora) Stucki, Cedar City.

Funeral services were held Nov. 1 in the Cedar City Seventh Ward Chapel and burial was in the Cedar City Cemetery.

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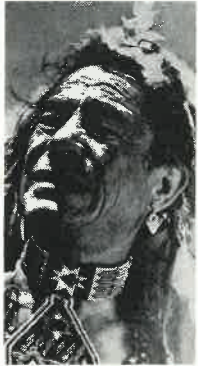
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Chief (Gold Rock) Walker

Both Friend And Enemy To Mormon Settlers

By James H. Miller

In 1847 Chief Walker and his band or tribe of Indians made a trip to Southern California to trade for horses. They had warred with another tribe and took their prisoners along, these they traded for horses. After returning party



was back Walker held a council. The result was that he and his braves decided to return to California and steal more horses, but their women, children and old men would take their horses and return to Utah.

These Indians stole some 800 horses. The Spaniards pursued and recovered some of the stock. Walker and his braves arrived in Utah with many horses. It seems his whole life was one of stealing, strife and depredation.

Chief Walker was born in 1875 while his tribe (the Utes), were camped on the Spanish Fork River, near Provo, Utah. Here he grew up and proved to be worthy of the title "chief." Little is known of his childhood, but after becoming a chief, he made all of the tribes around fear him and his warrior's. Also by this time white settlers came into his area and he made them fear him.

Chief Walker took his group of warrior's as far east as the Great Plains to hunt buffalo and trade with other tribes. In the cold part of winter they would go south even to California, robbing the white settlers and ranchers of thousands of horses.

Women Traders

The weaker tribes of Indians feared him, so his men would steal and capture Indian women and children and trade them in New Mexico, Arizona, and Southern California for guns, horses, and other valuables that they needed.

Chief Walker remained Indian chief of the mountains until 1852, when he started the Walker War.

Many white people lost their lives and is cost the Utah Territory over one million dollars.

Soon after he was taken sick and went blind for three days before he died. He pleaded for his people to cease fighting the white people.

Chief Walker was the main chief of the Utes. They were an important Shoshonian division. This Ute tribe occupied the entire central and western portion of Colorado, and the eastern portion of Utah, including the eastern portion of Salt Lake Valley. They appear always to have been a warlike people. The fact that they early came into possession of horses added to their aggressive character.

Chief Walker was one of the shrewdest of Indians. He was a natural man, read from nature books. He was very fond of liquor, but when using it he would never make a trade. "Wah-ker" means yellow or brass.

His Vision

When he was about twenty-five years old, he had a curious vision. He claimed that he died and went to heaven. He saw the Lord sitting upon a throne. The Lord told him he could not stay, he had to return to earth. He was told that a race of white people would be his friends, and he must treat them kindly. The Lord gave him a new name "Pan-A-Karry-Quin-Kerr," (Iron twister).

Many are the tales of Indian vengeance to the white emigrants, but few know the reason behind their mean tricks. Indians believe in "an eye for an eye, a life for a life."

However, he had compassion on Brigham Young, because of his kind treatment and of the Mormons for supplying food for his people. He knew Brigham Young well and he could see the plight he was in, he knew the need of more money to look after the affairs of his family and the people.

His Gold Mine

So Chief Walker told Brigham about his peoples rich and abun-

dant supply of gold back in the high Uinta Mountains, and said he was willing to share part of this wealth under certain conditions. It was common knowledge at the time that the Utes had "money rock" which were chunks of almost pure gold, evidently mined with very little effort. This "money rock" had lured several white men to their deaths when they had followed the Indians back into the hills.

Chief Walker's conditions for making this "gold rock" available were very specific. The Indians would not mine it for him, since they were only interested in obtaining only enough for their own needs, which were very meager. Brigham Young would have to place his most trusted man under oath never to reveal the location of this rock gold to another white man. This man would then receive the protection of the Indians but he would be under surveillance while he obtained enough gold to satisfy the needs of the Mormons.

Book of Mormon Oath

It was not sufficient for this trusted man to take his oath upon the white man's Bible, instead he must take this oath upon the Book of Mormon, which the Mormons claimed was a history of the ancestors of the Indians upon this continent. Such an oath upon pain of death for violation, would be acceptable and Brigham Young, was to continue his friendly policy of feeding the Indian's whenever they were in need of food.

In 1853 altercations arose between Chief Walker and the white settlers when the Mormons interfered with the age-old slave trading of the Indians. They would capture other Indians in war and trade them for supplies. Also the Mormon objected to their horse stealing business. This led Chief Walker and his tribe to go on the warpath and they attacked Mormon settlements. The Mormons fought back and drove the Utes away.

Chief Walker made peace, but from then on refused to allow the Mormons access to the gold mine.

Sugar House—Today And Yesterday**Started As Canyon Creek Settlement in 1848**

*By Harold H. Jenson
SUP Historian*

Sugar House, also known as Butterfield Settlement and Canyon Creek, acquired its first settlers when Ira Eldredge, Charles Crismon and other pioneer home seekers, built the first houses along the creek in the area of what is now Sugar House Ward, diverted water from the creek and grew fairly good crops of potatoes, corn and wheat.

From the Manuscript History of Sugar House compiled by Andrew Jenson, assistant LDS Church historian, is taken this account of the settlement of this community:

When Salt Lake City was divided into 19 wards in February, 1849, there was included on the original Five Acre Survey, a ward known as Canyon Creek. Bishop Reuben Mill of Hill Creek and Bishop Peter McCue of the First

Ward held jurisdiction of the little flock at first and a local elder conducted the meetings. Early records do not disclose his name.

First Settlers

Among the first settlers on Canyon Creek were Charles Kennedy, Joseph Fisher, Lorenzo D. Young, John Eldredge, Norman Bliss, Albert Griffin and others who located in 1849-50. President Brigham Young forthwith built a grist mill on the creek.

In 1852 emigrants increased the population and a small log building, where the first school was held, was built a few rods below where the Paper Mill afterwards stood, and still stands, on premises later owned by the late William C. A. Smoot, who was the first business man there.

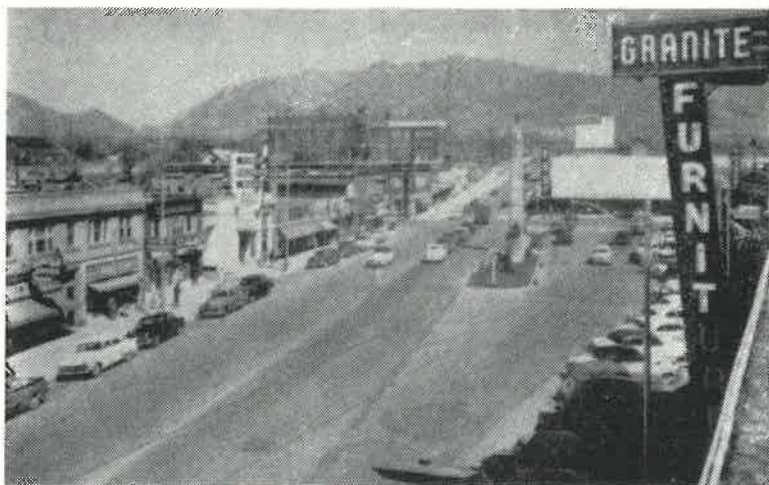
A school district was organized June 8, 1852.

(see SUGAR HOUSE next page)

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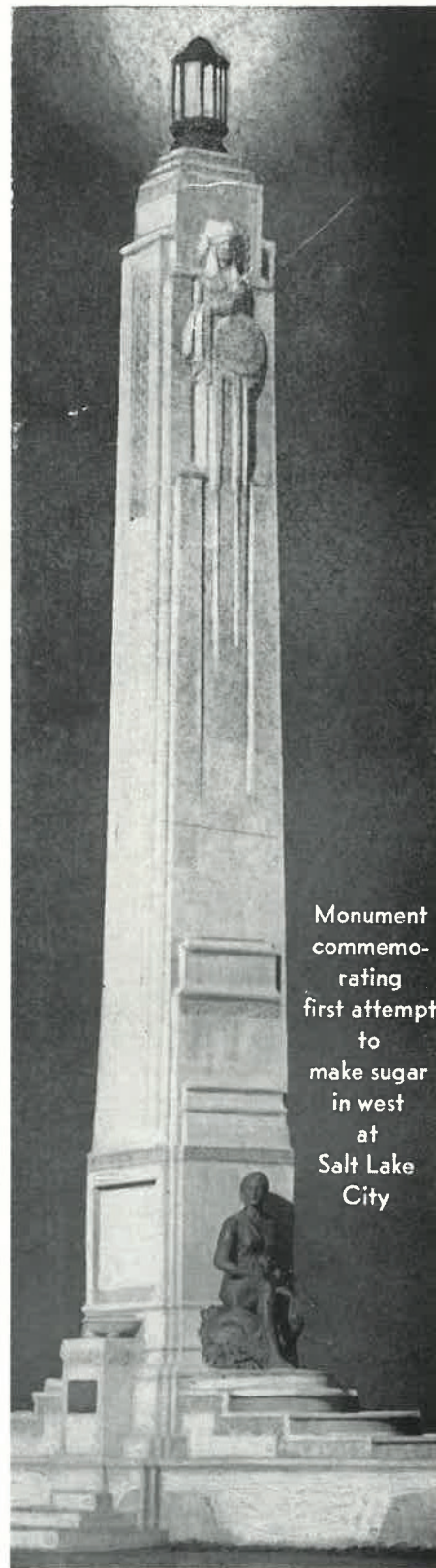
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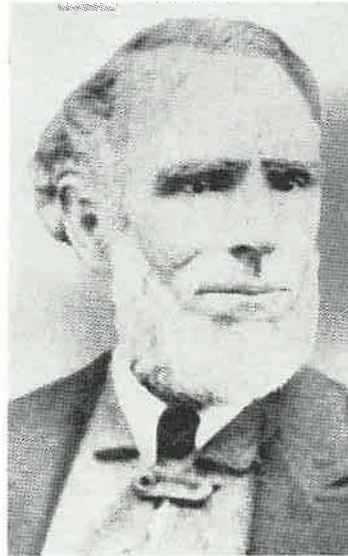
Monument commemorating first attempt to make sugar in west at Salt Lake City

The Sugar House Plaza Monument was dedicated Nov. 17, 1934. It was erected in honor of the establishment of the first sugar mill on the Western Hemisphere. It cost \$35,000.

Sugar House--Sweetest Place

(continued from preceding page)

Everyone knows that Sugar House received its name because a sugar factory with imported machinery from Europe was started in the fall of 1852. In the spring of 1853 this machinery was moved to Provo, where another fruitless attempt was made to manufacture sugar from sugar beets. In 1854 it came back to Salt Lake County and was put up on Canyon Creek, where buildings known as "Old Sugar House" or "Paper Mill" was erected in 1854-55 by the L.D.S. Church under direction of Abraham O. Smoot. A quantity of good molasses was made though the sugar business was a complete failure. The Church estimates a loss of \$100,000 on these experiments. Later the machinery was scattered all over and the building was then used for carding and still later for machine shops. In 1860 the building was turned into a paper factory, which proved profitable, but was abandoned for lack of water to run the heavy machinery. It was originally a three story building but the top floor was taken down to allow the extension further west on the ground floor.



A. O. Smoot
... first bishop

Fort Is Built

A small fort was built on Mill Creek in 1853 as a precaution against Indians, as saints were living in scattered condition along Canyon Creek. Abraham O. Smoot was appointed first bishop of Sugar House Ward, April 23, 1854, with Ira Eldredge as first and Henry Wilde as second counselors.

In 1855 a new adobe school was built across the street north of Sugar House, considered one of the finest for its time. The present modern school house stands there today.

In 1858, at time of "The Move," Sugar House people settled temporarily at Provo, but returned the same year to their homes.

About 1862 a nail factory was built on Canyon Creek, east of the old paper mill, later turned into a bucket factory.

William C. A. Smoot became postmaster about 1868, known as Paper Mill Post Office.

On August 23, 1896, Forest Dale Ward was organized from part of Sugar House Ward.

Continued on Page 14

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SUGAR HOUSE

(continued from preceding page)

A street car service started in 1900.

From Historian Jenson's "Encyclopedia of the Church" is culled: "In 1867 an organization was formed in Sugar House for mutual improvement." This organization can be consistently termed the first of its kind in the territory of Utah.

Education Important

Education has always been considered of top importance among Sugar House pioneers. A short time after the area was settled, a log school was built on the north side of Parley's Creek a short distance west of the sugar mill. This would place it near the other side of 21st South, just west of 11th East.

One of the teachers was Mrs. Smoot. It was she who named "Sugar House."

Lacking fancy school room equipment, the settlers bored holes in the inside walls of the building. Pegs were placed in the holes; pegs long enough to support flat boards placed across them, to be used as desks. Benches were rough wooden slabs with long wooden pegs driven into each of the four corners of the slabs.



Mrs. A. O. Smoot
... she named it

Men were pressed into service as teachers during the winter months. When spring came, the men and older boys left to work in the fields, so teaching was left to the women.

The first adobe school was large enough to "dance four sets of plain quadrille." Sometimes they crowded in six sets. When the folks gathered for an evening of dancing the young children were put to bed on the school benches, which had been pushed against the wall. Probably the desk boards shielded young eyes from the bright harsh glare of candlelight.

This building was near the present Irving Junior High School. It was used for all types of meetings—church and civic—in addition to its educational functions. Irving School itself was built originally as a grade school. It continued as such until about the time of World War I. Named Central School in the beginning, it was known later as Ashton, and finally, Irving.

Down the hill at 9th East and 21st South, Granite School District had built a grade school in 1906. This Forest School (so named for its location on the old Brigham Young Forest Farm) was transferred to Salt Lake City District in 1912. It has been remodeled and expanded a number of times, as has its sister school up the hill.

ALWAYS THE MASTER

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DUNFORD'S

Pioneer Girl Says

"DUNFORD BAKES IT BEST"

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William Albert Adams**'His Life An Inspiration;
His Memory A Benediction'***By Maud Adams Pack*

The Sons of the Utah Pioneers, the state of Utah and the Church lost a most amazing, talented and devoted man when William Albert Adams moved on to a new sphere of activity and a new life some few weeks ago. William Albert was undoubtedly one of the best known and most beloved of SUP members, a patriot, an enthusiast, a perfectionist, and a tremendous human person.

William Albert Adams was born in Fountain Green, Utah, to William Henry, Jr. and Melissa Jane Cardwell Adams on December 19, 1874. He was the eldest of his family and learned on the farmstead how to work.

He chopped wood for widows, cleaned out ditches, herded sheep, and worked in a sawmill. He followed the trade of his father and grandfather and became a most proficient brick and stone mason. Almost countless are the houses and chimneys he built in his lifetime.

Mr. Adams loved music from his childhood and learned to play practically every instrument in a band or orchestra. All these things came second nature to him. This interest led him into merchandising of musical instruments which he did for many years.

Versatile Musician

He was a ward clerk, choir leader and directed a choir which traveled from town to town giving concerts and singing at religious services. With this group he played the organ, piano, guitar and violin. He was a fine square dance "caller" and was much in demand at country dances. He composed many verses and used his pleasing tenor voice as soloist at many church and civic gatherings and at funerals.

Mr. Adams attended the BYU at Provo where he studied music under the great Tony Lund. He devoted much time to the study of law. His studies completed at the "Y" he taught music at Snow Academy until he was called on a

mission to the Southern States.

William married Virginia Brann in the Salt Lake Temple in 1905. His next home was in the Bear River Valley where he and his companion and 10 children operated a large farm.

He was president of the MIA, superintendent of the Sunday School, and ward chorister. He carried on through the years with dance music playing for dances with his brothers Delos and Korth.

Mr. Adams was the first constable and justice of the peace from his community and enumerator for the Census Bureau. The family moved to Tremonton in 1943 where he was active in the high priests quorum, the Lions Club, the Sons of Utah Pioneers and several other clubs.

Carried The Flag

He will be remembered by SUP members mostly for his love of the American Flag and the flag of the SUP which he carried proudly at almost every trek taken by the SUP and the Mormon Battalion for the past 20 years. He attended the Kennedy Inaugural and marched in the parade. He was at the Memorial Bridge Dedication at Omaha and the Mormon Battalion Memorial Dedication at Los Angeles.

William Albert loved all beautiful and artistic things. He spent much time in his garden and read all the best books



*William Albert Adams
... beloved of all SUP*

This beloved father, husband and friend closed his earthly life on June 5, 1966. It is significant that he was stricken suddenly while on the SUP trek at Tucson.

The words of Bessie A. Stanley depict best the life of William Albert Adams:

"W. A. Adams wasn't just a person; he was an institution! He achieved success in many activities. He lived well, laughed often and loved much. He gained the respect of all intelligent men and the love of little children. He filled his niche and accomplished his task and left the world better than he found it. He never lacked appreciation for earth's beauty or failed to express it. He always looked for the best in others and gave to them the best he had. His life was an inspiration; his memory a benediction!"

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Recently installed as officers of the Salt Lake Luncheon Club of the Sons of Utah Pioneers are: front row, left to right—Paul A. Woodruff, Lorenzo S. Young, C. LaMont Felt, president; Hoyt W. Brewster, Don H. Von Dam. Back row — W. Lowell Castleton,

past president; George C. Lloyd, Wilbur C. Parkinson, Rulon W. Clark, Charles H. Monson, Alex P. Anderson. Absent when photo was taken: Richard E. Folland and Lavon O. Halgren.

NEWS FROM BLANDETT

Blandett, Sanute Co. (by Exaggerated Press)—This little community boasts one of the few public forums sponsored by any place of its size—namely, Eph Cropper's General Store. The gabfest holds forth every Saturday night as the natives latch onto their weekend groceries.

The topics run from bulls to baloney. Eph's daughter Cora, who works at the store reports that the following subjects have been bantied about to date: belief and relief, the Ladies Aid and foreign aid, marmalade and lemonade, vox pop and soda pop, Navajo problem and Navajo rugs, farm price supports and arch supports, communism, atheism and rheumatism. —Grace Gootch.

FALL FEELINGS

**By Brian Melby Jensen, age 12*

I think fall is a wonderful time, when all the birds go south. All the leaves turn gold, emerald, red, orange, yellow, brown, sienna. Fall is a wonderful time of the year, when the squirrels go running around looking for things to store for the winter and until the springtime comes.

But fall is a wonderful time every single day of autumn. It's when the colorful leaves cover the ground like a huge blanket and

make a crackling sound when you walk on them. Fall makes me feel so very happy. I like fall because it is so beautiful and colorful.

(*) Brian is the son of Robert Smith and Natalie Melby Jensen, grandson of Harold H. and Martha Smith Jensen and great-grandson of Pres. Jos. Fielding Smith.)

The wise guy who coined the phrase "dirt cheap," wasn't thinking of the price of a load of garden soil.

A geologist claims America and Asia broke apart 220 centuries ago . . . That was the year the isolationists came into power.

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What's In a Name?

Picturesque Places Out West

By T. M. Woolley

Desolation Canyon of the Green River extends down stream from the mouth of Minnie Maud Creek to near the Roan Cliffs. It was



T. Mack Woolley

named by Major Powell in 1869. F. S. Dellenbaugh, who was assistant topographer on Major Powell's second expedition wrote of this canyon, "Desolation was as silent and deserted as it was desolate and barren."

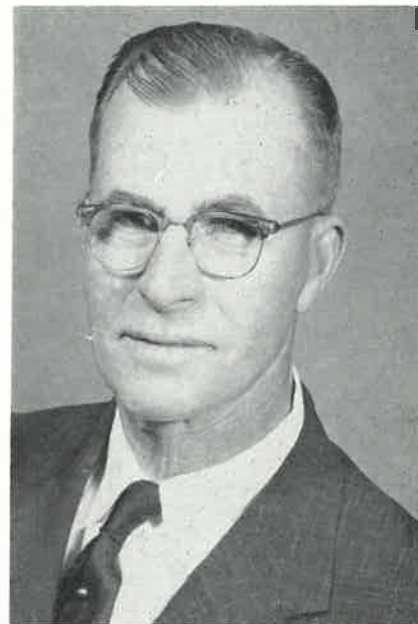
Castle Gate is in Carbon County and is a narrow pass in Price River Canyon. The stream has cut through sedimentary gray sandstone leaving castle-like abutments on each side of the river. As you approach the entrance the perspective produces an illusion "of a gate closing." The name has been extended to include a coal mine, a railroad station and a town near by.

Devil's Slide is in Morgan County in the Weber Canyon. It is an industrial town with a large cement works. Most of the workers have moved to other nearby towns because of the dust, this since the automobile has become so useful. It was named from a nearby geo-

logic feature on the mountain side: two parallel, vertical limestone reefs about 20 feet apart, 40 feet above the surrounding ground and several hundred feet in length forming a steep chute, fit for the devil to slide in.

Fremont Island is in the Great Salt Lake opposite the mouth of Weber River. It was explored by Captain John C. Fremont on September 9, 1843. He wrote: "We ascended to the highest point on the island, a bare rocky peak, 800 feet above the lake level, on which there is neither water nor trees. In the first disappointment we felt, I called it 'Disappointment Island.'" It was renamed "Fremont Island" out of respect of the lake's first scientific explorer, by Captain Howard Stansbury who made the first government survey of Great Salt Lake in 1849-1850.

Fremont River (Dirty Devil River) — On July 27, 1869 the Powell Expedition came upon the mouth of a stream coming in from the right downstream from Cataract Canyon. One of the boats entered the stream. Men from another boat inquired if it were a trout stream. The answer came—"It is a dirty devil" and by that name it was known for a long while. The water is muddy and has an unpleasant odor. The name was changed to Fremont River by the (USBGN) in honor of Colonel John C. Fremont, the first scientific explorer of the Great Basin and the Far West.



Henry Florence

Henry Florence Goes On Mission

Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Florence of the Holliday Chapter, SUP, of which he was formerly president, left of Dec. 5 for New Zealand where they will serve on an LDS mission. Henry was formerly a vice president on the national board and personally did an outstanding job on the development of Pioneer Village.

He was also chairman of the SUP Encampment when it was held in Salt Lake City. As a manager of the Alpine Rose Lodge, he gave all delegates the red carpet treatment. He has been an officiator in the Salt Lake Temple for a number of years.

Mrs. Florence has been a standby partner and firm supporter in all of her husband's activities, especially as a co-worker in the temple and as an SUP officer.

"Pay no heed to the conclusion-jumper who is a know-all who knows nothing, and so, would conceal his lack of facts behind fault-finding and groundless rumors." —LES GO SCRAPBOK

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Second Place Award-Winning Story

'JIGSAW' - - Saga Of A Pioneer Cemetery

By Noel C. Newbold

THE question stayed with me for some undefineable reason from the moment I first saw it. It was like a solitary piece from a jigsaw puzzle needing to be placed to make the panorama complete. It was not appropriate, almost bordering on sacrilege. I had to find the answer, so left the group touring the mining town and drove back down the road to the big Y-shaped junction.

Not tucked in seclusion. Not shaded by shadowy pines. Not bordered by hedges. What green there was in wild grass appeared pathetic. This was not the place for a cemetery. Out in the open with sagebrush snuggling up to the headstones, bare, near-red, patches of ground much too obvious. It was not right, at least not in my mind.

Perhaps they didn't use it anymore, I thought, as I slowed to a turn, but that piece of jigsaw was discarded by a fresh mound of dirt covered with withering floral offerings.

As I left my car, I tried to assume the feeling that resting places are theoretically supposed to give. I felt nothing, except the mid-summer sun beating down on me and the numerous graves in plotted order. Beneath my feet the dry grass crackled as I meandered between the plots searching for a piece of puzzle with which to give some logic to this place.

I don't know how I missed seeing her. Perhaps it was because she was nearly as withered as the June grass. Her eyes sparkled and danced, alive and active. "Hello", I said to the slightly stooped figure clad in a sweater despite the frantically warm day.

She nodded.

Hallowed Ground

When I saw she was not pursuing the conversation to any point, I again started my aimless wandering. From the corner of my eye I saw the old woman slowly approach.

"You a tourist?" she asked without hesitation.

My "Yes" was smiled, and I thought sparkling, but her solitary "Oh" conveyed the message that this matriarch did not like tourists invading her home town and snooping around the dead.

"Are you a native of these parts?" I questioned back.

"Lived here nearly all my eighty years."



Noel C. Newbold
... authors prize story

"Then perhaps you could answer my question."

"What's that?" she asked, edged with suspicion.

"Why is the cemetery here, so far from town, out in a . . . a . . . well, a field," I ventured in an effort to avoid sarcasm and thus loose my only hope of finding my missing piece. "It seems strange it isn't closer to town, on a rolling hill, not on the prairie."

"Dead people ain't got nothing to say about where they're laid."

"I realize that," I purposely paused, then, "Do you want to be buried here?"

"Of course. I'm down here now looking at my plot. I'll be buried right there," she pointed with a freckled finger. "All my folks are buried here."

Why It Was There

"Then you know why this cemetery is here, don't you?" I placed the question squarely in an attempt to get a reciprocal answer.

"Yes, I know the story."

"Will you tell me?"

"What you want to know for?" She was accepting me as an invader, as my curiosity rightly made me.

"Curious I guess. I'm a newspaperman

and that makes me curious by nature, or so I'm told."

"Going to write a story about it?"

"No, not necessarily. Personal curiosity, not journalistic."

"I suppose you won't go until you're satisfied."

"No, I'll leave now. I didn't mean to offend you." I slipped the camera strap over my shoulder and made ready to leave.

"I ain't told you the story yet," she said, offering me the piece of jigsaw puzzle I wanted. She motioned me to follow her.

Slowly, nearly sacredly, she passed graves, patting a headstone here, waving a hand at one there, mumbling something about still another.

"See that grave marker?" she asked.

Pearl Snyder

The oblong white sandstone slanted backwards and the impression made by the artisans chisel many years ago was nearly illegible. I was sure the old woman's feeble eyes could not read the dim lettering, for I could barely make out the name in the blaze of day. "Pearl Snyder," she read to me, "died February 22, 1879. That was my sister."

Then the story came without further coaxing.

"I recollect my ma telling me about Pearl time and time again. I suppose maybe she felt this was not a fitting place for her little girl to be buried, either. It wasn't by choice, mister, I can tell you that."

"Pearl had been sick since Christmas. With deep snows and no doctor in the mining camp, ma couldn't do any more than nurse her the best she knew. Ma was a good nurse, many a gout and crupe she took care of. Not only with her children, but with miners and settlers. She was called Aunt Rhoda all her life by people who weren't anymore related than a bullfrog. They called her Aunt because they like her. She was a good nurse."

"Ma kept telling Pearl that when the snow broke she would fetch her to the doctor, but Pearl turned for the worse. She died on February 22nd, just like the stone says."

"It snowed that day, ma would tell, it wasn't a fitting day for a soul to depart, especially a little baby's."

Continued on Page 19

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Pioneer Stories Contest

Time Now To Get Started

By James H. Miller

Now is the time for all good SUP members and true to get going on your pioneer story for 1967, preparatory to entering it in the Pioneer Story Contest. We have had some excellent stories in the past, one of which is printed in this edition of The Pioneer.

It would be a good move to have each chapter set up a story contest, submitting the winner to the national competitions. The reading of these winners at the chapter meetings would be a most interesting and exciting event. The subject, of course, must be about the Mormon Pioneers and must not exceed 1500 words. It must be factual, not fiction.

One of the objectives of the SUP is to collect and preserve the precious gems of historic lore found in the experiences of our pioneers ancestors. It would help with this most interesting project if chapters would invite authors of the three best stories as dinner guests of the chapter and have them read their stories.

The national contest begins February 1, 1967, and closes June 15, 1967. Applications should be sent to James H. Miller, Box 501, Brigham City, Utah, or to any local chapter.

BARRETT

Continued from Page 5

gretted that Mrs. Barrett did not live to see the structure finished.

Apostles John Henry Smith, George Teasdale, John W. Taylor and Hyrum M. Smith were other speakers.

Then followed the dedicatory prayer by Pres. Joseph F. Smith, which was most eloquent and inspiring. Lizzie Edward sang, "My Western Home" and the students then sang school rally songs. The benediction was by Bishop George Romney.

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James H. Miller
... Pioneer story chairman

George Miles Joins
Select Ranks Of
Utah Centenarians

Utah had another centenarian on Dec. 9 when George E. Miles of St. George celebrated his 100th birthday. Mr. Miles was born Dec. 9, 1866 to John Henry William and Mary Jane Wyatt Miles. He has lived in St. George since he was 10 years old.

His wife was Josephine Jarvis whom he married in 1895. She died in 1941. He has 28 grandchildren, 33 great grandchildren and one great great grandchild.

Sons and daughters of Mr. Miles held an open house on Dec. 9 in the St. George Fifth-Sixth Ward Chapel.

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STORY

Continued from Page 18

Pa fetched some pine wood and made a tiny casket. Ma dressed Pearl in her blessing clothes and put a bonnet on her head. They were going to take Pearl to Salt Lake for proper burial.

Snow Belly High

"Pat hitched the horses to the sleigh, the snow was belly-high on the horses. They started out for Salt Lake. In those days there was barely a road, nothing like today, you know," and I nodded in agreement. "They got past the junction a piece and found the snow was too much. The horses were already sweating underneath their harnesses, they couldn't break the trail for another forty miles.

"It was then Ma suggested they take Pearl to Heber City to be buried. Pa had to get out the sleigh and break the trail himself to get the team turned around. They didn't get very far in that direction, either. The snow was too deep.

"With the wind playing merry-run-around, and a storm threatening, it looked as though Pearl would have to wait to be buried. Then ma saw a patch of dry earth. 'Let's bury Pearl there,' she said, 'when it's spring we can take her to Salt Lake for a fitting burial.' "

"Pa finally chawed a hole deep enough in the cold ground and they laid their baby to rest right here. She was the first person to die in Park City.

"When spring came, ma couldn't bear to disturb her baby girl so they just left her here. This land was once my dad's, he deeded 40 acres to the city and its been the cemetery ever since."

I took her skinny hand and thanked her for her time and for sharing her story. As I passed again through the small cemetery the pieces of the jigsaw puzzle fell into place.

Each grave had a story, perhaps not as dramatic as Pearl's, maybe more tragic. But each grave was tucked in someone's heart in seclusion. Each was shadowed by lovely thoughts. Each was hedged by fond memories.

My rear view mirror framed the old woman standing with one hand on the gate post, the other on her weathered hip; her gray hair wisping in the breeze. The little cemetery so far from town had not taken on beauty, it had taken on reverence.

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The Historic Fourteenth Ward

Grand Old Chapel Had Rich Pioneer Tradition

By Harold H. Jenson
National Historian, SUP

Richard Ballantyne, founder of the first Latter-day Saints Sunday School, was a jovial but gentle Scotchman, who loved children. On a cold wintry morning, Dec. 9, 1849, he and his devoted wife, who also loved the little ones, organized this school in their little adobe cottage that once stood on the corner of First West and Fourth South St.

Wooden benches hewn from logs, with wooden pegs for legs served as the seats. An open fireplace furnished warmth. The Bible and the Book of Mormon, side by side on the table, provided the text for the lessons. Mrs. Ballantyne, who was somewhat of a singer and organist, led the singing.

The last surviving member of the school, Joseph Smith Horne, gave the words to the first Sunday School song to this writer during an interview. Many years later Seldon Heaps, Utah's beloved composer and organist, arranged this piece in harmony and it was recorded at one time by the late Bertrum S. Willis, the violinist.

The words to the song went something like this:

"Tis good to go to Sunday School
In the dear old Fourteenth
Ward;

There to see the children dear
Taught in the ways of God.
Their leader is a man of God
And leads them all in prayer,
And it would do the parents good
To see the order there."

THE DANGER HOURS

Two hours of a woman's working day are particularly dangerous, it has been ascertained by National Safety Council statisticians. Between 10 and 11 in the morning and 3 and 4 in the afternoon, milady ought to pause in the day's occupations and take time out for rest and refreshments.

Those are the hours in which she is most likely to go into high dudgeon or low dudgeon, depending upon whether she works in the attic or the basement. When she becomes tired and nervous she also becomes relatively reckless. Then is when she falls off ladders, spills boiling water, sets her dress on fire or hurts herself heaving the furniture.



Historic old Fourteenth Ward Meeting House.

Vibrant Spirit

These are simple lines but the way they used to be sung, with such verve and spirit, the homely doggerel of the text was lost in the enthusiasm and spirit of the singing.

After the Ballantyne cottage passed on, the Sunday School was moved to the Fourteenth Ward Chapel, which was new and quite modern then. George D. Pyper and George Q. Morris, two revered Sunday School pioneers, asked this recorder to keep alive the date of the Sunday School organization and a record of the school after it moved to our home ward building.

The Fourteenth Ward meeting house was located on First West and West Temple and was razed to clear space, along with all the

other buildings for two square blocks, to make room for Salt Lake's new Salt Palace Civic Center.

More about the history of the Fourteenth Ward is found in Andrew Jenson's Encyclopedic History:

The Beginning

"The Salt Lake City Fourteenth Ward, Salt Lake Stake, one of the original city wards, was organized Feb. 22, 1849. The ward, as originally formed, comprized nine city blocks. Among its first members were Parley P. Pratt, Amasa M. Lyman, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Willard Richards, and Franklin D. Richards. The old John Taylor home stood in that area for many years."

The story of the Fourteenth

Continued on Page 23

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*Around-The-World Trip***SUP Traveler Takes In Interesting Lands***By W. Lowell Castleton*

On April 13 of this year a group of us left Salt Lake for a 52-day trip around the world. After a few days in Hawaii our next stop was Japan. Japan is 7,000 miles from Salt Lake and takes about 14 hours flying time. The time change is such that 9 a.m. Salt Lake time Monday is 1 p.m. Tokyo, Tuesday.

Arrayed along the eastern coast of the Asaian mainland, Japan's four main islands and 3,000 minor ones are home to 100 million people, making it the fifth most populous nation in the world, following China, India, the USSR and the USA in that order. The Japanese, however, are crowded into an area slightly smaller than the state of California, of which 85% is mountainous.

Tokyo is the largest city, not only in Japan, but in the whole world with its 10 million people. Though one-third of it was destroyed during the war (143,000 killed) it is now rebuilt with wonderful new buildings, subways, monorail, super-highways, etc. We are continually asked, "What are the most interesting places visited?" This is hard to say. Each place seemed to be more interesting than the last. One day it was a visit to Salt Lake's sister-city Matsumoto. This is a city of 150,000, situated in a valley surrounded by mountains, similar to Salt Lake. Here we were entertained by the city fathers who met us at the train and treated us royally. Some of them had been to Salt Lake and were treated similarly. Much good can come by this exchange of ideas.

Another day it was a Kamakura where we saw literally thousands of school children at the statue of the Great Buddha. The Japanese government provides buses twice a year to transport children, 6 to 16 years of age (the compulsory school ages) to the different shrines, public buildings, castle and places of interest as part of their schooling. All are in uniform, well-mannered, "clean-as-a-pin," and



Mrs. W. Lowell Castleton, Judge Rulon W. Clark, Mr. Castleton and guide sight-seeing in Tokyo.

healthy-looking. This was repeated at Nara. In the great park are hundreds of tame deer that bow to you when offered biscuits. Deer are considered to be the "Messengers of the Gods" by the Shintos, and so are protected. We visited the famous Noritake China Factory at Nagoya—a city practically destroyed during the war, but rebuilt with wide, well-planned streets and buildings, and the loveliest castle in Japan (they claim).

Pearl Island

At Kyoto we took a boat to the famous Pearl Island and saw the Mikimoto Pearl Farm, where for the first time, cultured pearls were produced. When the oyster becomes three years of age an ingenious operation takes place. A

nucleus made from the pig-toe shell found in our Mississippi River is inserted into the uterus of the oyster which causes the irritation which produces the substance from which the pearl is made. At Kobe we took the boat-trip through the Inland Sea. We passed hundreds of islands—beautiful and green, fishing boats, lighthouses and gardens along the shore. It was most delightful.

One of the most interesting cities visited was Hiroshima, which together with Nagasaki was destroyed by the atomic bomb in 1942. This is now a lovely new city with wide streets, Peace Park and Museum as a monument to this event. We evidenced no animosity to

Continued on Page 22

Trip Around The World

Continued from Page 21

wards America as they realize that it brought to an end the war that was causing such terrible destruction to their country and people.

Hong Kong

Prior to World War II, Hong Kong had a population of 1,600,000 but during the Japanese occupation it fell to a half million. Afterwards refugees flooded the city with upwards of 100,000 per month until today there are 3,750,000. Here is a shopper's paradise, with everything from all parts of the world on display here, due to the fact that it is a free port (no duty). There are tens of thousands of shops in the arcades of Hong Kong and on the mainland of Kowloon across the harbor. A most interesting sight is the thousands (21,000) of junks and sampans in the harbor. Here 200,000 people live, trade, fish, go to school, etc.—all on the boats.

Philippines

One afternoon we took a trip south of Manila to the Taal Volcano, which just a year ago killed 5,000 people. A news dispatch in the Deseret News of Aug. 2, 1966 was of special interest to us when it told of another eruption that took place the day before. It reads, "The deadly Aaal volcano belched showers of ashes and quivered with periodic tremors Tuesday while thousands of refugees streamed into government evacuation centers to escape its wrath."—

In Manila we were greatly impressed by the story of the Japanese occupation where for four years thousands were interned in the "Walled City." We took the hydrofoil boat over to the island of Corregidor and saw the destruction and heard the history of that fortress related to us. More than 13,000 under Gen. Wainwright lived in these tunnels for four months waiting to be liberated, but finally ran out of water and had to surrender.

Singapore

Here is a tiny island at the southeastern tip of Malay Peninsula, yet it has the fifth largest port in the world. One-third of the British Navy is usually stationed

here as are 60,000 British troops. Instead of objecting to this, Singapore welcomes them because they contribute greatly to the economy of the country and are a great protection likewise. Though it is but two degrees from the equator and has an abundance of rain, it was delightful while we were there. There are nearly 2 million inhabitants here and practically no juvenile delinquency; all movies and publications are censored to eliminate anything objectionable to the morals of the country. There is no gambling allowed.

Thailand

Flying 1,000 miles north across the jungles of Malaysia and we came to Thailand, a country the size of Texas. Here the Communists are heating up a second front. The U. S. is fully aware of this and is building huge military installations throughout the country—especially in or near Bangkok.

The Sunday we were in Bangkok we attended Sunday School, where there were about 75 military and other U. S. Government officials present. We met Dennis Smith, son of Joseph and Ruth Pingree Smith, on leave from Viet Nam. He is an aerial observer with the artillery and is very vulnerable to enemy fire as he flies over enemy territory in a slow (90 miles per hour) plane and low altitude. He has been hit once, but his and the others' morale is high.

We felt that one of the high points of the trip was Bangkok. Here is a city of 2 million people, 93% Buddhists. This city is a photographer's paradise. It has over 200 temples with their many-tiered and multi-colored steeples, fantastic palaces; picturesque street scenes. The boat trip down the river and canals past the floating markets and native life among the tropical vegetation make it an experience long to be remembered.

India

Traveling through India is a unique experience. Here we saw scenic and architectural wonders of almost unbelievable beauty; the signs of untold wealth in temples, mosques and great palaces, and yet the dirtiest poverty both in the cities and rural districts. One feels



*Backman and Castleton
... in Tokyo*

the sense of mystery of a land where a civilized culture existed 3,000 years before Christ, and where their religion strongly affects the day-to-day life of the people. The drought and terrible heat (110-114 degrees every day we were there) is unbelievable unless experienced. We traveled hundreds of miles over burnt, dry fields that haven't seen rain for nearly a year. The monsoons of July-August are their only hope for relief.

The belief of the Hindus that the spirits of their ancestors return in other forms of life such as cows, monkeys, rats, etc., prevent them from killing any living thing. As a result these dry cows roam the streets, sleep on the sidewalks along with the people and take food that would feed 100,000 people. There are 2½ billion rats also that eat up 20% of the grain. Population is increasing at the rate of 1 million per month, and as a result, starvation is inevitable. In the countryside, life seems to be as it

Continued on Page 23

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TRIP

(continued from preceding page.)

was 2,000 years ago, with the bullocks tramping out the grain, women at the wells carrying large earthenware jugs on their heads to carry home the day's water supply, wooden plows behind a water-buffalo—also unbelievable that such conditions could still be in existence.

The Taj Mahal of Agra is the beauty spot of all India. As we entered the 100 ft. gate and viewed gorgeous specimen of architecture we gasped at its beauty. The exquisite carvings on this temple of white-ivory-marble, with its beautiful dome and four minaret towers make it the most exquisite building in the world. This is worth the trip alone.

A visit to Benares, Jaipur (the pink city), and New Delhi completed a most fascinating experience. We flew directly to Rome and Madrid, spending the last week here and in Portugal. Hope all can make it sometime.

The Morgans Take Trip To Honolulu

J. Rulon Morgan, immediate past president of SUP, and Mrs. Morgan recently returned from a trip to Honolulu where he attended the Region 12 convention of the Boy Scouts of America. Eight couples from Utah Valley, approximately 40 scout workers from Salt Lake City and about 20 from Ogden attended the conclave. President Nathan Eldon Tanner and Bishop Carl W. Beuhner were among the top brass scout folk on duty at the meetings.

The Morgans had the opportunity of visiting the LDS Temple in Honolulu, the Church College of Hawaii and the Polynesian Cultural Center, sponsored by the LDS Church.

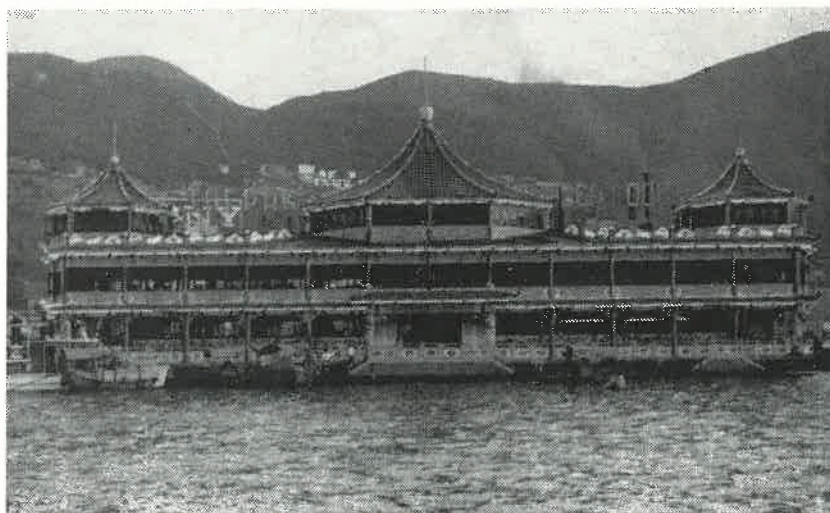
FACTS NOT WORTH KNOWING

It is hard to exaggerate the unimportance of things.

It takes longer to get over an accident after compensation sets in.

An investment is when you put your money into a business with the hope that somebody else knows more about it than you do.

She is strictly honest if she will not fib about her age, weight or husband's salary.



Floating restaurant in Tokyo visited by SUP party.

The 14th Ward Meeting House

Continued from Page 20

Ward, is also the story of the first Sunday School. The Ballantyne home was replaced as the Sunday School headquarters by Ballow's Hall, which was larger, to make room for the growing school. This place served well for awhile and then in 1861, near the hall, a substantial meeting house was erected. It was one of the finest in the city. This is the edifice that was recently razed. In 1904, the city was divided into four stakes but the Fourteenth Ward remained in Salt Lake Stake.

Interesting Cornerstone

What was in the box when they opened the cornerstone of the old chapel as it was about to be torn down? This writer would like to

know. He was Sunday School superintendent there for a number of years and remembers well the many dramatic productions, concerts, ward dinners and socials.

He remembers that beautiful "Holiness To The Lord" gold lettering at one end of the chapel and the little "amusement hall" downstairs. Here was formed a Boy Scout group and once there was a Japanese group that met there regularly. There was also an orchestra, with a German accordionist who played very well at the age of 85.

The good old days, indeed. And what memories went with that little old meeting house, the Fourteenth

Ward, which played so heroic a part in Sunday School and early community history in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake!

Pioneer Story Application

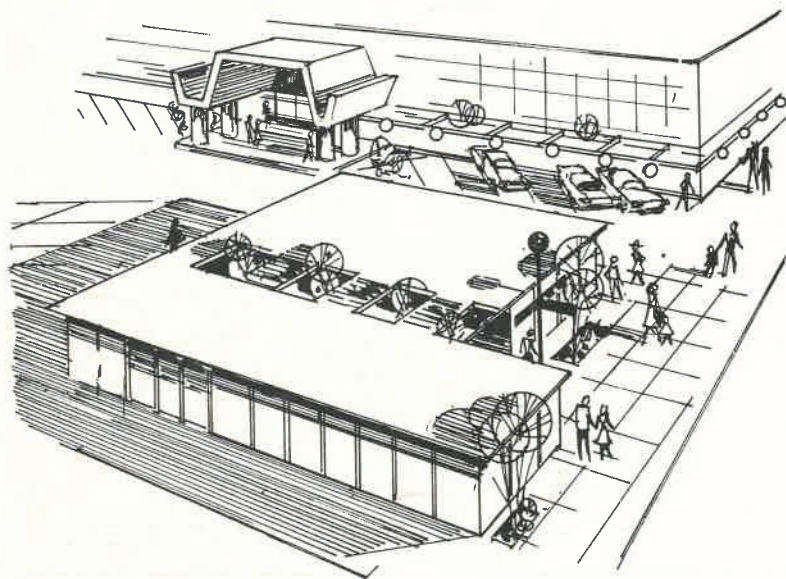
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Source of Story.....

Send this application and your story to your local S.U.P. Contest Chairman, or if a contestant-at-large, to James H. Miller, P.O. Box 501, Brigham City, Utah 84302.



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The Old Look!



The Old Sugar Mill . . . now Sugar House

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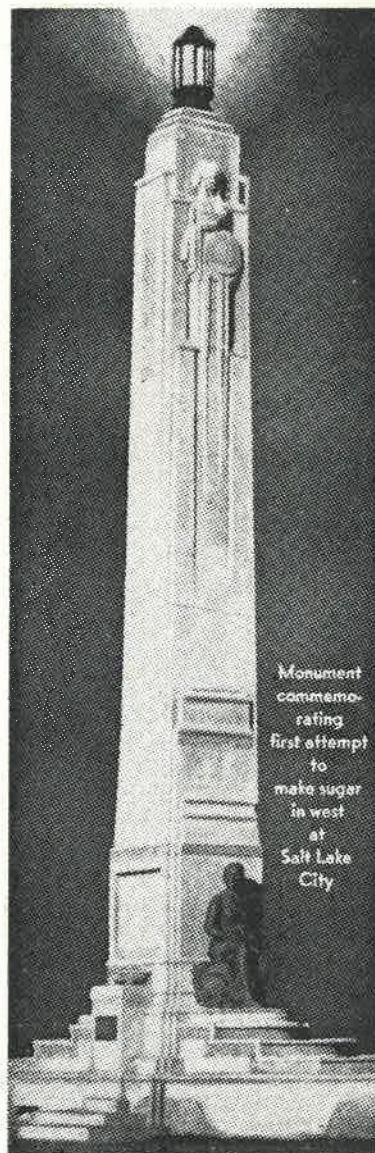
The Sugar House Monument

This landmark was erected and dedicated in 1930 to the heroic efforts of Brigham Young and early settlers who laid the foundation of the beet sugar industry in the west. From which event this industrial and business center derives the name of SUGAR HOUSE.



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